THE RUTHERFORD STAR.

BE SURE YOU ARE RIGHT AND THEN GO AHEAD.—Davy Crocket.

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POETRY.

MORNING DEW.

BY G. A. SIMCOX.

The dew drops vanish one by one,
  That seem to glisten everywhere,
Drawn by the kisses of the sun
  Into the thirsty lap of air;
They vanish, and they do not die,
Although the thirsty road be dry.

The dew at night will fall in vain
  On broken herbage by the way:
The dew will change to gentle rain,
  And waken far-off flowers to May;
Yet herbs and flowers in every sky,
In every land, are born to die.

The pleasant thoughts of dawning youth
  Are parched away by toil and care,
And leave the dusty road of truth,
  And trodden path of duty here;
And yet our pleasant thoughts are true,
Although they pass like morning dew.

They pass from us, their light is shed
  On broken works of weary hands;
They pass from us, their sweetness fed
  Some nobler toil in happier lands;
Yet every man beneath the sun
Doth all his deeds to be undone.

Our pleasant thoughts are like the dew,
  One half of heaven, one half of earth;
They seem to die, but they renew
  The sacrament of their sweet birth;
But fruitful plants and deeds of men
Are earth, and turn to earth again.

In thirsty fields of barren air
  The dew is born to fall in vain
Our thoughts go up to heaven, and there
  They change to mists of golden rain,
Whereof the four-fold fountain head
In Paradise is always fed.

Our thoughts, that seem to come and go
  Abide indeed in God on high;
For he ordains to water so
  The only tree that does not die:
And angels in its shadow sit;
But who is he shall eat of it?

ORIGINAL STORY.

THE NAMELESS AVENGERS.

A Story of the Ku Klux Klan.

BY ALPHA D. KAPPA.

CHAPTER III.—*continued*,

Ashford stood with his revolver in his hand, ready to carry out his threat; and his band fearing him, moved not a muscle.

"Shoot all the men except the commander," said the old man, in a hoarse voice, despite his mighty self control—"he is my prisoner, what is done to him, I will do it myself."

"In a moment more, Ashford, of all the band stood alive. He stood irresolute a moment—then turned to fly.

The men asked for permission to shoot him—"No," said the old man—"take him alive."

Then commenced the pursuit, the old man leading the way. When they were close upon him Ashford turned and fought like a lion at bay. One of the party was killed and several wounded, among whom was the leader himself. But he was overpowered, thrown to the ground, gagged and bound. Then the old man tore off his mask.

"Ha! ha!" he laughed fiercely—"I have longed to see your face and now I have the pleasure. You are my prisoner, and you know me," he added with another laugh.

Two or three men went back after Jennie. The party then rode on to the smouldering ruins of the house; carrying Ashford with them.

When they arrived they found Frank and Louise Randolph endeavoring to relieve Charley, who was still breathing.

"What is it?" asked Charley, as they rode up.

"It is the rescuing party. Louise and Jennie are safe, and your father is avenged," said one of the men, stooping over him.

"Where are the Ku Klux?"

"They are all killed, except their commander; and he is a prisoner in our hands."

"Thank God!" he murmured, "I die in peace."

The nameless old man now came up and examined the wound—"that wound is not necessarily fatal, my boy;" he said. "Pluck up heart and you will live many years. See, I have been shot in precisely the same spot; by the same man," he said baring his breast; and darting one of those arrows of light at Ashford making him quail, in spite his efforts to return the look with indifference.

"Carry the boy to some house," said the old man, rising to his feet—"and call an experienced surgeon. His life can be saved."

Two men lifted him gently, while another spread a blanket beneath him. Four men then took up the corners and bore him gently off. Louise and Jennie were placed on horses to follow him.

"You will come with us, Frank," said Louise.

"No. Not yet. I will stay with uncle's remains," he answered sadly, glancing toward the the corpse.

"Some of my men will carry it away soon," said the old man. "The young man can remain and attend to it if he wishes."

When they had gone, Frank Randolph sprang to his feet, and said, addressing the unknown leader—"I, too, am a member of the Ku Klux Klan. I, too, have stained my hands in innocent blood. All of my comrades have been punished.—Kill me, also, and rid the earth of such monsters as we are."

"Are you the one who informed this man," pointing to Clarke—"of what was going on to-night?" asked the old man.

"I am," he answered, glancing at the furious look which Ashford, here gave him. "Yes," he continued, addressing Ashford, as if in reply to that look—"I have betrayed you—you, who drove me to deeds of horror—you, who lured me into your clutches, by appealing to my patriotism; and then crushed out every spark of humanity from my soul," He turned again to the stern old man—"Kill me if you like, but there," pointing to Ashford, "is my real murderer—the one who murdered all my better feelings."

"I will not kill you," the old man answered calmly. "You have been the real means of ridding us of these murderers. You have atoned to us for your guilt. Your better nature is not ruined. You can, hereafter, be an honest man.—But," he continued, "if there are any others here who have suffered by your hand, they may kill you. I will not deprive any other man of revenge; even, as I will not be deprived of my own. Let the others speak."

"We forgive him he was but the tool of another," they murmured.

"And now," said the old man, "my mission with you is accomplished. You are brave men, and I respect you; but my presence is no longer needed by you. I will take my prisoner and depart." He untied Ashford's feet, and placed a rope around his neck; leaving the gag still in his mouth and his hands bound behind him. Then mounting his horse he bid his followers adieu; and disappeared up the road, leading his prisoner off by the neck.

We, also, will bid them adieu here, for the present, following them in due time.

"Well, I reckon the Nameless will have to peg out now," said John Smith, after the unknown leader had gone.—"We've killed all the Ku Klux and old Rock is left, and as we have nothing else to do we will have to break up. But there is one duty yet a lying on my mind and that is to kill these half dead Ku Klux here." Before the other could prevent it, he had shot one of the wounded men through the head.

"The Ku Klux have killed some of my folks," he said calmly reloading his rifle—"and you know what old Rock said about coming between a man and his revenge." He then deliberately shot the other wounded man—"Now I am going home, and if they will let me, and mine, alone hereafter, I will them." Then mounting his horse he rode off.

The men dispersed gradually, carrying off their dead comrade, and the wounded men; and four of them bearing Randolph's corpse to the house to which this stricken family had gone.

Charley was lying on an easy couch when Frank arrived with his Uucle's corpse. When he saw Frank standing by the side of his bed, he placed his own hand in his, and said—

"Frank you are the only man related to me, left on earth, and you helped to kill Pa and me. You think it is right perhaps. You think the country would prosper more—a great deal more, after we are dead, don't you?"

"No," said Frank in a choking voice, clasping both the boys hands in his own.

"Then look at the desolation your band has brought on these innocent girls—harmless—friendless—thrown upon the cold world without a father, mother, or brother to care for them. Does the benefit to our country outweigh this distress?"

Frank answered not, but bowed his head and bursted into tears. Oh, how how did his conscience sting him, when he thought of the blood he had helped to shed, and the hearts he had wrung with anguish, because some persons thought different from himself on the matters of government.

"Lie still, Charley," said Louise softly, "don't trouble yourself about us.—Frank loves us. He did not wish to hurt us. He will take care of us if you die, but you may live to take care of us too."

"The young man saved your sisters," said one of the men, who had brought the corpse. "He left a note at Clarke's telling us to hurry on and save your father's life, knowing all the time that as he was in the crowd he might get killed the first one," and the rough man brushed away a tear of pity for the young man which did honor to his heart.

"Then you did not wish to harm us, Frank?"

"No. As God knows my heart."

"You are a good Frank yet."

"Alas! I am very—very wicked," thought Frank, as he thought on the scene just like this, in which he took a willing part.

Judge him not rashly, dear reader. At that time, he felt that it was a sacrifice due his country; and that it was a righteous work. Rather thank God, with humble, grateful heart, that you are not blinded, as he had been, by the subtle reasonings of unprincipled men. And while you feel that God is ruling the destinies of our country, in wisdom—pity those who cannot believe it; but think, their own weak erring hands, should be raised against their fellow men, to save their country.

The surgeon soon arrived and proceeded to examine the wound. Oh, how breathlessly did these two sisters await his decision—who felt that their only hope of future happiness hung upon his life; and who bore the loss of their father without a murmur, because their brother was hanging between life and death. There was another, in that little group, who waited almost as anxiously as the boy's sisters; and that one was Frank Randolph. He felt that in some way, he did not know exactly how, he had been the cause of this trouble; and he felt that if the boy died he would be his murderer.

The surgeon after a long examination raised his head and looked at Louise—

"It is not a mortal wound—that is, not necessarily mortal. Still it is a very dangerous wound, and he may die before morning. If he lives twenty-four hours, he will probably recover rapidly.

Ah! what unspeakable comfort there was in these guarded words; and how earnestly the prayers went up, for his life to be spared.

It is often remarked—"A great sorrow may fall upon us, and almost crush our hearts; but let another, equally great, threaten us, and we almost forget the first." How true it is!

CHAPTER IV.

THE DOOM OF THE MURDERER.

Onward rode the mysterious old man; leading the captive leader of the Ku Klux Klan, beside him. The morning dawned and the sun arose; and still he rode on, looking occasionally at the crest fallen hero of midnight assassins.

At last he halted, at a small house at the foot of a huge mountain; and ordered breakfast for two persons and his horse. Then he chained his captive securely to a tree; loosed his hands; and took the gag out of his mouth.

When breakfast was announced he carried breakfast to Ashford and withdrawing a few paces sat down to eat his own. Curious looks, from the occupants of the cabin and from the rough mountaineers who passed by, were cast at this strange couple; but none dared question the strange old man, whose looks made them shrink, whenever he glanged at them; and the chained captive had a scowling, furious look, which equally forbid questions.

The old man threw down a cloak, and stretching himself upon it, rested several hours. Then he arose and ordered his horse; and fastening Ashford's hands behind him, and mounting his horse, he moved forward again.

For days afterwards, those mountaineers talked of the mysterious strangers; but none could find a solution for its mystery until the news from below of the battle with the Ku Klux reached them.

In this way Ashford and his captor traveled. On the evening of the second day they entered a wild, and almost uninhabited portion of the mountain country. Leaving the road, which had long since dwindled into a mere path, the old man led Ashford up between two lofty mountains, and at last stopped at the mouth of a dark cave,

"Now look up at the bright stars, and look around you at the green earth," said the old man solemnly, "for it is the last time you will ever look upon them—*the last time.*"

Ashford felt his courage flying from him—he could meet death in a thousand different forms, without shrinking; but in this dark, lonely spot—to bid farewell to earth, and to enter that yawning tomb, to meet an unknown but horrible death made him shrink. But he crushed it back as he had been able to crush back all childish feelings, as he called them; and gave his captor a scowling, almost defiant look,

"You do not wish to see the stars.—You are not sentimental. Then come along," and the old man lead him into the cave.

Far back, where no light penetrated, because of the winding of the way, the old man halted and lighted a small lamp, placing it upon a large stone, which served for a table. He then seated himself, and motioned to Ashford to do the same, who, worn out with his weary march obeyed.

"Now Ashford," said the old man, giving him one of those strange, fiery looks which always made him quail, "I will talk to you, and you are at liberty to talk to me. You remember when I was living quietly in my old home, with a happy family to cheer my old age. You remember I was a Union man, because I loved the old flag, and strove always to maintain it by word, and example. You remember I was warned by you to leave my home and my country, because I dared to explain and defend my principles. You remember I treated that warning with scorn, because I claimed a right to my opinions, even as you had a right to yours." The old man's voice grew deeper and harsher as he went on. "And you remember that night, when you come to kill me, as you did two nights ago to kill another man. If you had only sought to kill me I would have forgiven you," and the old man's voice sunk into a sharp whisper, which came echoing, from the walls of the caves, to Ashford's ear, like the hiss of a serpent, "But you seized me while I slept, and taking me out made me witness all your atrocities, while I was powerless to save; and then locking and barring all the doors and windows you set the house on fire; making me stand by and hear the screams of my family as you burnt them to ashes. You then thought you killed me; but I am here—here to avenge their death and the death of many other innocent ones, whom you have murdured, in the most cruel manner, your ingenius mind could invent. I have sought you from that time knowing your voice—knowing that alone, I have sought you. I went into that region below here, and organized a body of men, to search out and punish that band of murderers there, as much because of the secret hope that I might find you, as for the safety of the citizens there. And now I have found you. I have brought you this long journey that I might put you to death in the way I have decided on and prepared for you. And perhaps after I have seen you perish in that way, this strange feeling, which has haunted me ever since that night," striking his forehead, while his eyes shot those strange rays, "perhaps it will leave me."

All this time Ashford had sat with unchanging countenance; his black eyes fixed upon the old man; but avoiding his eye which glared so like a madman, now that vengeance was in his hands.

If there was any repentance—any remorse for the dark crimes he had committed in Ashford's heart, he betrayed no signs of it.

Had he been on the gallows, ready to be executed, before the upturned gaze of thousands, he would have spoke in all the fiery eloquence of his soul in defence of his cause; and would have called upon those thousands to witness how cheerfully he laid down his life for his country.—But here in this gloomy cave; with only the old man, whom he could not deceive, to hear him, he was silent. But he betrayed no signs of fear, and felt none. He dared the combined powers of the universe to do their worst.

"Have you nothing to say in your defence," asked the old man.

"Nothing. Low—abolition—dog!—Do your worst."

The old man smiled—ah! what a dreadful meaning has the smile which comes from those who are taunted by their bitterest enemy, and who have him in their power.

He picked up his lamp and taking the rope by which he led his captive, said, as he drew him to his feet'

"Come and see is you can meet your fate as bravely." He led him on in the dark cave until the passage was stopped by a huge rock in which there was a small opening, closed by an iron door. He opened the door—pushed Ashford in to the opening—cut the rope which bound his hands—then quickly closed and bolted it. Ashford stood still a few minutes, pondering over his unknown fate. Did the old man confine him there to perish slowly with hunger and thirst, or was there some unknown danger near him, in the darkness. These thoughts passed through his mind, but he could find no answer. His prison was narrow. He could barely stand erect, and he could feel the cold stone walls on either side with his hands. How long was it? He took a few steps forward—cautiously. Suddenly he thought he saw a glimmering light ahead. Could it be, there was a place of escape here, the old man knew nothing of? Visions of liberty; and with liberty, revenge filled his soul. He would yet make that hated old monomaniac rue the day, he sought him out. And he would make Frank Randolph suffer the keenest torture he could invent, for betraying him.

The light moved—it looked now like two sparks of fire glittering before him. Tnen other sparks flashed up and he heard the warning rattle of a serpent.

He staggered backward—he was in a den of serpents. He beat upon the iron door and shouted to the old man,

"Give me any other death—cut me up by piecemeal—roast me—but take me out of this."

But he heard the strange laugh of the old man outside, and heard him answer jeeringly,

"You laughed at *me* when I was suffering tenfold what you are, and now I laugh at *you*, and mock *your* torments. That is the death I have prepared for you. Suffer it; and then go, and suffer that, still worse, unending death, prepared also for you."

The serpents were upon, and crawling over him—eager to devour him. He clutched them with his hands, he kicked and trampled them with his feet, he gnarled upon, and tore them with his teeth, but still they poured upon him. Tramping upon the slimy back of one he slipped and fell among them, on the ground. Rolling among them—cursing—blaspheming—as they wound about his neck almost strangling him, his torture was doubled by hearing the old man without, jeering him. At last, pierced by a hundred sharp fangs—choked—suffocated—he ceased to struggle; and his spirit soon after passed into an unknown future.

When the old man knew that the struggle was over he took his lamp and went, groping his way out of the cave; repeating the words "I am revenged," and laughing that strange, wild laugh; while he smote his forehead with his hand.

He was never again seen, in this region, and lived only in the memories of the band he had led as the "Unknown Avenger."

Let us turn and take a last look at the family of Randolph.

Days have passed by, and Charley is able to walk, holding to an arm of each of his sisters. The surgeon says that he is out of danger, and that he will entirely recover in a few weeks.

There is a little party of four, in the family burying ground, in Silver Creek Valley. They are the children of Randolph, and their cousin Frank. They are sitting by the grave of Randolph, who sleep beside the wife of his youth; at last, free from the snares and troubles of political life. They have been talking of the sorrows, which the past few days have brought upon them; and Charley laying his, now wasted white hand upon Jennie's shoulder; and the other in Louise's lap says as he looks at Frank—

"Now Frank, let us all kneel down here on Pa's grave, and pray to God to give us his Spirit to direct us how to act in future, and to teach us to forgive our enemies, when they seek to injure us.

And let us pray that this may be the last blood shed, because of political differences; but that all men may respect the opinions of his fellow man, even as he wishes his own respected."

We will steal softly away leaving them there with heads bowed before their great Creator; knowing that if they love their fellow men, and do right they will be happy, though their home is a heap of ashes, and their father and mother sleeping in the grave.

I have no desire to linger with you, over these scenes, dear reader, they are so full of suffering, of blood, and of death that I have hurried over them, as you doubtless will do. Perhaps in brighter scenes—over pleasanter pages, we will meet together again; but let me ask you to not forget these darker pictures. For several months we have been drifting towards just such a dark gulf as this, I have described. But let us strive to turn back the tide ere it overwhelms us.

Let us all remember the words which Lincoln used just before his death; and which will live forever—"With Charity towards all, and malice toward none."

Let us all, so endeavor to feel.

If the pictures I have set before you has made any one turn in horror from such scenes, and desire peace, for themselves, and their fellow men, then my labors has not been in vain.

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THE TYPOGRAPHICAL CRAFTSMAN EULOGIZED.

"Wanted—A Printer," says an advertisement. Wanted a mechanical curiosity, with brain and fingers—a thing that will set so many types a day—a machine that will think and act, but still a machine—a being who undertakes the most systematic and monotonous drudgery, yet one that the ingenuity of man has never supplanted mechanically—that's a printer.

A printer—yet for all his sometimes dissipated and reckless habits, a worker at all times and hours; day and night sitting up in a close and unwholesome office, when gay crowds are hurrying to the theatres; later still, when the street revealers are gone and the city sleeps, in the fresh air of the morning, in the broad and gushing sunlight, some printer is at his case, with his eternal and unvarying click! click!

Click! Click! the polished type falls into the stick; the mute integers are marshaled into line, and march forth an immortal print. Click! and the latest intelligence becomes old; thought a principle; simple lead a living sentiment. Click! Click! from grave to gay—a scandal, a graceful and glowing sentiment—are in turn closed by the mute and impressive fingers of the machine, and set adrift in the sea of thought. He must not think of the future, nor recall the past; must not think of home, of kindred, of wife, nor of baby; his work lies before him, and thought is chained to his copy.

You know by his works, as your eyes rest upon those mute evidences of his ceaseless toil. Correspondents, authors and advisers, who scorn the simple medium of your fame, think not that he is indifferent to the gem of which he is but the setter; a subtle ray may penetrate the recesses of his brain, or the flowers he gathers may leave some of their fragrance upon the toil worn fingers. But when you seek a friend, companion, adviser—when you want judges, legislators, governors and presidents—O ye people, advertise:

"Wanted—A Printer."

* * *

☞ Never faint when you are alone. Always select some good opportunity—or young man. The more persons there are about you, the more successful will be your fit. A woman should not only faint well, but be above suspicion.

* * *

☞ Eyes are the electric telegraph of the heart, that will send a message any distance in a language only known to the two souls who correspond.

* * *

☞ "Good morning Mr. Henrick," said a printer in search of a female compositors; "have you got any daughters that would make good type-setters?" "No, but I have got a wife that would make a very fine devil."

* * *

☞ An Italian inn keeper confessed to a priest, who asked him if he never greased the teeth of his guest's horses to prevent their eating. He replied that he had never done so. The next time he confessed that he had committed the act several times. "Why," said the priest, "you told me last time that you had never done it." "Holy father," replied the inn keeper, "I did not know the trick then."

* * *

☞ More study of the Mysteries of the Kitchen and less of the Mysteries of Paris.

* * *

Good counsels observed are chains to grace.

Conceit in weakest bodies strongest works.

When flattery meet, the devil goes to dinner.

Better one thorn plucked out than all remain.

We are near waking, when we dream that we dream.

The only disadvantage of an honest heart is credulity.

Many people are esteemed merely because they are not known.

It is only those who are despicable who fear being despised.

Every inordinate cut is unblessed, and the ingredient is a devil.

MASONIC.

"Faith, Hope, Charity—these three, but the greatest of these is Charity."

The Beehive.

The symbolic idea associated with the beehive is industry. By industry in general terms, is meant labor, occupation, or employment of some reputable character. The impression prevails among the uninitated, and far too much among the Craft, that the Institution of Freemasonry is a sort of charitable or relief society, against the evils of life, however unworthy a brother, his widow, or orphans may be. To relieve the distressed, alleviate human misery, and sympathize with the unfortunate, are certainly important mission of Masonry, as they are of humanity; but we most decidedly depreciate the idea that Freemasonry is essentially a relief society. In the sense of charity, it is all that is claimed, but even this is by no means a main feature. In defending Masonry, its votaries are prone to point to deeds of beneficence and relief as illustrative of the designs and intentions of the Institution, and as the chief end of it; whereas, acts of charity, deeds of benevolence, and relief of the needy, are but the outgrowth of principles, teachings, and examples. All these are no more than should be practiced by men singly or collectively. In Freemasonry, charity, relief, and sympathy operate effectively, because they are governed and directed by immutable laws, enforced in silence and willingly obeyed. To obtain relief or even sympathy, one must be worthy; for the principles of Masonry deny relief or sympathy to its own members who persistently render themselves unworthy. If relieved at all, it is upon principles of broad humanity, but in no sense of Masonic obligation. To be worthy of relief, a Freemason must be industrious in his calling, temperate in his habits, careful in his expenses, and honorable in his dealings.

The beehive not only teaches methodical and patient industry, but it teaches the art of building, providing, and storing so that when winter or adversity comes, house, fuel, and provisions may be sure. Let every Freemason learn from this that providing for present wants, and a seeming labor only to that end, are not all that is required, but that his duty as a citizen and more especially as a Freemason, requires him to husband his means, and to lay by in store for old age, winter and adversity. All this implies a home accumulating property, and ready means. A brother may honestly, patiently, and laborously strive to attain such an end, and may not succeed. Sickness may come, misfortunes can not always be avoided, and adversity may be stern and bitter. Very well. When a brother has striven to do well, his duty is done, conscience is easy, and the rest is with God.

The industry implied by the beehive is not to be confined to home and family; it may be, and generally should be, mainly there; but *every* Freemason should be industrious to do his part as a citizen, in relief of distress, resistance of oppression, care of the sick, burial of the dead, in advancement of education, science, arts, morals, and religion. No matter what the station, wealth, talents, or positions of a Freemason may be, he is *one* of the Fraternity, and should cheerfully fill his place according to his means and ability.

This subject might be wrought out at great length, but we pass to a brief notice of an idea not considered much in the treatment of the beehive symbol.

Masonic bodies—lodges especially—should apply this principle in an associated capacity, and labor to obtain permanent lodge rooms, so that they may not only have a place to meet, but a property that will bring an increasing annual income, and also for funds and investments secured against waste and loss. Unity, labor and method—qualities which distinguish the bee tribe, are indespensable to secure so important results.

Caution is also a characteristic of the bee, and if one will not work he shall not eat, and every drone is forcibly expelled.

Let industry and caution govern in every Masonic hive, and neither admit nor retain idle, quarrelsome, or mischief making men. Put them out and keep them out, and stay with and stand by each other *until you become strong and firm*, and never swarm until sufficiently numerous and united to do so without hazzard to usefulness and comfort.—*Trowel.*

* * *

If you want enemies, excel others: If you want friends, let others excel you.

The Star.

J. B. CARPENTER, Editor.

R. W. LOGAN, Associate Editor. *

THE UNION
FOREVER

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Thursday, July 7, 1868.

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Persons wishing to buy good Flour should not fail to call on Messrs. JAS. A. MILLER & Co., who have just received a fresh supply.

☞ See the Advertisement of Mr. J. V. Wilkerson in another column.

Secret Political Societies.

Secret political societies are dangerous to the public welfare and ought to be discountenanced by every citizen who desires to promote good feeling and prosperity among the people.

We opposed the "Know-Nothing" organization which was composed of whitemen and of course we cannot tolerate or favor an organization composed mainly of colored men (many of them very ignorant) known as the "League," Every coloed man ought to be induced to withdraw from such combinations and made to understand how it injures him in the estimation of white people who will, in the end prove to be his best friends.

The above from the Charlotte *Democrat* is sufficient evidence we are sorry to say, of which way the wind is blowing our friend YATES. We regret very much to see the *Democrat* taking such a strong stand, so opposite from what has been its course since the close of hostilities.—We have been highly pleased at the gentle and mild character of this, one of the leading journals in the State. It has maintained a neutral position, taking no sides as to political parties, but has encouraged peace and quiet, and given a liberal support to the Reconstruction of the Southern States. We confess we cannot exactly understand our cotemporary; we do not know from what other motives he has been actuated, than from *policy*. We have had some fears on this point, for some time, and we are now partially satisfied. In our opinion friend YATES has had his *stakes set* for some time, and is just beginning to *pull* for them, but he will be happily defeated in this attempt, if we should be correct in guessing his point.

We think the policy of our friend has been, to remain as neutral as possible, giving a liberal support to the Reconstruction of the late Rebel States, and after restoration has been finally completed, revive the old *Democratic* party, and get control of the Government. Sad hope, Mr. YATES, you will never accomplish this end. The Democratic party is dead, and God forbid that *any* party, embodying so much corruption and selfishness, regardless of the good of the people or their country, should ever again be revived, in the midst of a liberty loving people. We, speaking for the people, never intend that any such misfortune shall take place while we are able to *fight it at the ballot box.*

As to the League, we can most heartily disagree with our cotemporary, we know this to be a good and patriotic organization, no person is forced to join it, or be initiated into it, without his own consent, on the other hand no person will be *received*, into the League unless he is *fully* in accord with the principles of the organization. As a matter of course Mr. YATES does not belong to this *dangerous* organization, therefore, we deny his right to denounce a society that he knows nothing about. It is inconsistant with the character of our friend, and we hope he will be more careful in future, not to "kick before he is spurred," for we are satisfied *he* has received no damages at the hands of any League or Leagues. The organization does not encourage strife of any kind, but advocates peace, prosperity, industry and friendship to all men. There is nothing in the Constitution, or principles of said society, that can be so construed as to mean harm, or justify any member to do injustice to any one. No, this is not what the matter is. It is a *Loyal* League, organized for the purpose of perpetuating the principles of Republican form of Government, founded upon Justice and Equality to all men. This is what *hurts*. It is not the danger, but the *power*, and strength of this society, and the determination to stand by the principles of *Freedom* and *Equal Rights*, that they are afraid of. These Democratic, Codfish, Aristocratic, so called Conservatives, are opposed to these principles, hence their opposition to any secret combination to secure them. But be *aisy*, friend YATES, you can effect nothing by your abuse of this patriotic organization. They are tied together with love of liberty, and will not be *untied* until their principles are echoed from Canada to the Gulf of Mexico. *

The Democracy and the Nigger.

Our Democratic exchanges are continually agitating the Negro question. We seldom ever find an editorial now a days without throwing out some slur on the opposite party, negro equality, &c. In order to give our readers a history of the past proceedings, we extract the following:

Who said that all men are created equal?

Thomas Jefferson, the father of Democracy.

Who gave negroes the right of suffrage in New York?

The Democratic party.

Who presided over the convention which gave this privilege to negroes?

Martin Van Buren, a Democrat.

Who afterwards elected Martin Van Buren President.

The Democratic party.

Who made the negro a citizen in the State of Maine?

An overwhelming Democratic majority.

Who repealed the laws of Ohio, which required negroes to give bond and security before settling in the State?

The Democratic party.

Who voted for a bill in the Ohio Legislature, repealing all laws making a distinction on account of color in the State?

George E. Pugh, a full blooded Democrat.

Who refused, in the State Convention of 1850, to remedy the evil established by this decision?

The Democratic party.

Who with the above facts, and many others staring them in the face, are continually whining so hypocritically about "Nigger Suffrage" and "Nigger Equality?"

The Democratic party.

All these things were done by the Democrats and yet they deny being in favor of Negro Equality, and put it upon others whose every action has been precisely the reverse.—*Jackson Standard.*

MISUNDERSTOOD THE TEXT.—A worthy deacon hired a journeyman farmer from a neighboring town for the summer, and induced him—though he was unaccustomed to church going—to accompany the family to church on the first Sabbath of his stay. Upon their return to the deacon's house, he asked his hired man how he liked the preaching. He replied:

"I don't like to hear any minister preach politics."

"I am sure you heard no politics today," said the deacon.

"I am sure that I did," said the man.

"Mention the passages," said the deacon.

"I will. He said, 'If the Republicans scarcely are saved, where will the Democrats appear?'"

"Ah," said the deacon, "you mistake. These were the words: 'If the righteous scarcely are saved, how will the ungodly and wicked appear?'"

"Oh, yes," said the man, he might have used those words, but I knew deuced well *what he meant!*"

THE SCHOOLMATE—*For July.*—This Magazine for the young folks is on our table. It is a neat affair and is well worth the subscription price. It is published by JOSEPH H. ALLEN, Boston, Mass., at $1 50 a year.

☞ We are grieved to learn of the death of Mrs. Allen, wife of John H. Allen, of Polk county, recently of Hendersonville. Mrs. Allen has long been in bad health, and the grief of her husband and children will be alleviated by the consoling thought that her sufferings are ended.—*Pioneer.*

Legislature of North Carolina.

Pursuant to Proclamation of W. W. HOLDEN, Governor elect of North Carolina, in the City of Raleigh, at 12 M., on Wednesday, July 1st, A. D., 1868.

The Senate having been called to order, R. P. Dick, Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of North Carolina, administered the constitutional oath of office to the Lieut. Governor elect, Tod. R. Caldwell, who thereupon resumed the Chair as President of the Senate.

On assuming the Chair Mr. Caldwell said:

SENATORS:—Having been chosen by the Freeman of North Carolina to the high and honerable office of Lieutenant Governor of the State, I, to-day, with unaffected diffidence enter upon my duties, determined, as far as in me lies, to discharge them with fidelity to the country and with such a degree of impartiality as, I trust, may secure the approval of those over whom it is my province to preside.

Well aware, Senators, of the difficulty of my task and fully cognizant of my inexperience in the administration of parliamentary law, I throw myself upon your indulgence, feelings assured that your generous impulses will prompt you to look upon my defects with a proper measure at allowance, and induce you to aid and sustain me, by friendly counsels, in interpreting and enforcing such rules as you may adopt for the government of this body.

Our common country has recently passed through a trying ordeal, and although the fury of the tempest has abated, the billows of our troubled ocean are still surging around us. The face of the waters is rough; true and well skilled pilots are needed to steer the old ship of State safely into harbor. The people have chosen us as helmsmen—the cargo is rich and precious—it consists of the lives and liberties, and fortunes and the honor of our confiding constituents—may we realize our responsibility, and strive not to disappoint their hopes and expectations; but with stout hearts and determined purposes, go to work vigorously, and endeavor to repair the damages of the last seven eventful years. Let us, by acts of kindness and prudent legislation, cultivate a feeling of true friendship and brotherly love among our people, who have recently been so unnaturally estranged, and let the victors in the late conflict compel the gratitude and admiration of the vanquished by an exhibition of charity, that noblest of Christian virtues, and by forgiveness to all who by "good works" show that they have repented of their errors and are resolved for the future to dedicate themselves, with all their energies and talents, to the building up of the waste places of our once happy and beautiful land.

We have Senators, noble and patriotic duties to perform, the chiefest of which is to harmonize our people and prevail upon them to cherish a feeling of respect and veneration for the government of the United States, whose broad ægis is over us all, to shield us from harm and to protect us against foes from without and within. Forgetting then what is behind us, let us press onward in the glorious struggle to make our's the grandest nation on the face of the globe. This can be accomplished by educating and elevating our people—by indoctrinating the rising generation with the true principles of Republican government—by making the humblest peasant in the land feel that the protecting arm of power is continually around and about him—and by teaching the haughty, the vicious and the strong that they cannot attain to such a height as to be above the avenging hand of violated law. May it be our aim so to legislate as to do equal and exact justice to all classes and conditions of men. Then we shall merit the good will and approbation of the wise, the virtuous and the good; a kind and benignant Providence will also smile upon our labors and sustain us in our effort to ameliorate the condition of our people, and to preserve and perpetuate the good name of our honest old State.

Bespeaking your co-operation, Senators, in enforcing the rules which may be enacted for the government of this body, and invoking the blessings of Almighty God to rest upon our deliberations, I now announce that the Senate is ready to proceed with its further organization.

The President appointed Senator Wm. Barrow, of the 5th District, and Senator W. H. S. Sweet of the 10th District, as Principal Clerk and Assistant respectively pro tem.

The constitutional oath was then administered to the following named Senators—who were under no political disabilities—by Associate Justice of the Supreme Court, R. P. Dick, viz:

1st. Dist.—E. A. White, J. W. Etheridge.
2nd Dist.—F. G. Martindale.
3rd Dist.—J. B. Respass.
4th Dist.—William Barrow.
5th Dist.—J. W. Beasley.
6th Dist.—Henry Epps.
7th Dist.—N. B. Bellamy.
8th Dist.—D. J. Rich.
10th Dist.—W. H. S. Sweet, W. A. Moore,
11th Dist.—D. D. Colgrove.
13th Dist.—Edwin Legg, A. H. Galloway.
15th Dist.—Orlin S. Hayes.
16th Dist.—James S. Harrington, L. D. Hall.
17th Dist.—J. B. Cook.
18th Dist.—Curtis H. Brogden.
19th Dist.—Willie D. Jones, R. I. Wynne.
20th Dist.—John A. Hyman.
21st Dist.—C. S. Winstead, R. W. Lassiter.
23rd Dist.—Silas Burns.
26th Dist.—T. M. Shoffner, G. W. Welker.
27th Dist.—John H. Davis.
29th Dist.—P. T. Beeman.
31st Dist.—Christopher Melchor.
32nd Dist.—William M. Robbins.
33rd Dist.—P. A. Long.
35th Dist.—Samuel Forkner.
37th Dist.—Lawson A. Mason.
38th Dist.—J. B. Eaves.
39th Dist.—Samuel P. Smith.
40th Dist.—James Blythe.

The President thereupon announced that a majority of all the Senators elect having duly qualified, the Senate was prepared to proceed to business.

Certificates of election were presented by the following named Senators elect and laid on the table, viz:

9th Dist.—Joshua Barnes.
12th Dist.—William A. Allen.
14th Dist.—John W. Purdie.
22nd Dist.—Josiah Turner, Jr.
25th Dist.—Israel G. Lash.
28th Dist.—W. B. Richardson.
34th Dist.—Peter A. Wilson.
41st Dist.—Edmund W. Jones.
42nd Dist.—William M. Moore.
43rd Dist.—W. Levi Love.

The Senate then adjourned until 11 A. M., to-morrow.

House of Representative.

The House was called to order by Associate Justice Reade, who administered the oath of office to the members present, exception those banded by the 14th Article of the United States Constitution.

It appearing that a quorum of members was present.

Mr. Bowman was nominated and chosen as temporary Speaker of the House.

On motion of Mr. Abbott, the House proceeded to the election of a permanent Speaker.

The nominees being Messrs. Joseph W. Holden, of Wake, and Plato Durham, of Cleveland. The vote was decided in favor of Mr. Holden.

Those who voted for Mr. Holden were Messrs. Abbott, Ames, Ashworth, Bowman, Barnett, Barnes, Carson, Candler Clayton of Chowan, Cherry, Cawthorn, Dixon, Dowling, Ellington, Estes, Foster, Franklin, Forkner, Galnagap, Gunter, Gilbert, Graham, Hutchings, Harris of Franklin, Harris of Wake, Hoffman, Honey, Hodgin, Hays, Hinnant, Hendricks, Ingram, Justice of Rutherford, Kinney, Long of Chatham, Long of Richmond, Leary, Laflin, Mayo, Morris, Mendenhall, McCanless, Moring, Peck, Pou, Parker, Proctor, Parson, Robbins, Ragland, Renfrow, Robinson, Reynolds, Rea, Smith of Martin, Stilley, Simmons, Seymour, Stevens, Sweat, Snipes, Sykes, Sinclair, Short, Shaver, Siegrist, Stanton, Thompson, Vestal, Vest, Wilson, Williamson, Wilkie, Wiswall, White, Waldrop—74.

Those who voted for Mr. Durham were Messrs. Argo, Armstrong, Clayton of Transylvania, Davis, Ellis, Farrow, Getling, Gibson, Green, Hodnett, High, Humphries, Hawkins, Jarvis, Moore, Matheson, Proffitt, Robinson, Smith of Allegany, Shaver, Thompson, Whitely, and Williams—24.

When the Speaker was conducted to the Chair, he addressed the House as follows:

Members of the House of Representatives: No Legislative body which has assembled in this State, since the first under the Constitution of 1776, has had such onerous matters awaiting its attention as this first General Assembly under the Constitution of 1868. The system then devised by our ancestors has measurably passed away. Admirable in many respects, yet among its institutions were some evil to the happiness of posterity, but which have been happily consumed in the fire and flame of war. New ideas, new principles and new institutions have taken their place, and the fundamental law of North-Carolina now gives no shadow of protection to slavery, makes no discrimination against any race of men, nor any oppressive distinction against the humble, but it breathes in every letter the pure and holy spirit of liberty to ALL MEN.

It is not my province, gentlemen, to dictate the course of your deliberations. The current of reform, which runs high in your midst, needs no hand to guide its waves and no arm to direct its motion. The channels, through which it is to flow, are laid broad and deep in the State Constitution. But while your work is scarcely yet begun, a prayer may be wafted to Heaven for its complete success—that no negligence may mar or timidity injure it and that with you the white winged Angels of Harmony and peace may continue to dwell.

Firmness, impartiality, prudence and a close adherence to custom should mark the method of your presiding officer. As such, I shall know no member her save as the peer of the other; and with your assistance, gentlemen, I hope to discharge my duties in a proper manner.

But the end of all your labors and the sum of all your efforts, is the American Union. Twice has restoration failed, but with more liberal laws and greater freedom, *our* North-Carolina is now returning to her place at the family board. Like a wanderer, she comes back and pleads for the love of former days. The mother will lift her up and "smooth from her forehead the furrows of care," for she who was lost has been found who was dead, is alive again!

This is the land of our love and the home of our affections, But still no paltry State limits confine our patriotism or curb our energies. As grand and vast as American soil, are our future hopes! As high as her mountain peaks, are our aspirations! As swift as the hill torrent are the feet of her sons, and as terrible as the winds is the wrath of her children. Mighty nation! Grand Republic! May North-Carolina be the brightest in thy constellation and the loveliest of thy train!

I thank you for the honor which you have conferred upon me.

On motion of Mr. Estes, the House then proceeded to the election of principal Clerk.

Messrs. John H. Boner, of Forsythe, and Seaton Gales, of Wake, being in nomination the vote was decided in favor of Mr. Boner.

On motion of Mr. Laflin, the House then proceeded to the election of Assistant or Reading Clerk.

Messrs. Candler, of Buncombe, O'Hara, of Wayne, Charlotte, of Carteret, and Ebeck, of Granville, being in nomination, the vote was decided in favor of Mr. Candler.

By resolution of Mr. Bowman,

A message was ordered to be sent to the Senate informing that body that the House of Representatives was organized and ready for the transaction of business.

The following resolution introduced by Mr. Estes, was passed, and ordered to be sent to the Senate, asking the concurrence of the same:

Resolved, That a Joint Committee of five—three on the part of the House and two on the part of the Senate be appointed to wait upon the Governor and inform him that the Legislature is organized and ready to receive any communication he may have to make.

The House then adjourned until four o'clock, P. M.

FOUR O'CLOCK, P. M.

Mr. Ellis moved that the House adjourn, in respect to the memory of the late Edmund H. Freeman, until 11 o'clock on Thursday. A quorum not voting, the motion was lost.

Mr. Seymour introduced the following resolution, which was passed:

Resolved, That until the adoption of permanent rules, the rules of the Constitutional Convention with the exception of rule 30, be adopted for the regulation of the proceedings of this House is so far as they are applicable.

Mr. Abbott gave notice that he would on to-morrow, (Thursday) or at some subsequent day, incorporate the Cumberland and Bladen Railroad."

The House then adjourned until 11 o'clock Thursday

THE GREATEST WONDER IN THE WORLD.—The wonderful child with four legs, four feet, twenty-one toes, and one body, will be exhibited in Nashville. This child is said to be the greatest living wonder of the world, being one child, vigorous, healthy and symmetrical down to the hips—thence down, it is two distinct, well developed children, with every organ, ligament, bone and muscle that belongs to two persons.

The people of the United States are not going to be deceived and robbed in the name of Democracy.

LATEST NEWS.

From Washington.

WASHINGTON June 26, P. M.—The time for removing whisky from Bond was extended from one hundred days to six months when it will be sold at Auction for not less than the tax. The surplus goes to the owner.

Full Cabinet to day.

McCulloch won't resign. It is very doubtful whether the President desires his resignation.

The Senate adopted an amendment, abolishing the office of Director of Statistics.

Stoneman, commanding Virginia, was at the War Office to day.

There is a severe contest over the taxation of bank deposits and circulation. After many amendments, the entire section was stricken out, in committee of the Whole but the House, not concurring in the committee's amendments, restored it to the bill. In this shape it goes to the Senate.

SENATE,—The civil appropriation bill was resumed and passed. It goes to the House for concurrence.

HOUSE.—Mr. Paine's bill giving arms to the State militia, was referred to the Military Committee.

The tax bill was resumed. Distillers' bonds were reduced to $5,000; and with the Bank and Banker's Tax, as reported by the Committee, the bill passed, and goes to the Senate,

WASHINGTON, June 27.—SENATE.—Mr. Sumner presented memorials from Boston merchants, stating that the pending legislation on River exportation was very injurious to commerce.

The Judiciary Committee reported adversely to increasing the Federal Jurors' fees.

The Colorado admission bill was resumed.

HOUSE.—The Secretary of the Treasury has issued a circular, warning the people that the taxes, and all dues arising under the Revenue laws, whether from fines or penalties, can only be receipted by bonded officers or, in certain cases, by Clerks of Courts. All direct or implied authority to special agents to collect money is revoked.

Gov. Bullock, who leaves for Atlanta, to-night, expects that the Congressional conditions will be accepted, and that the Senators elected and the Georgia representatives will be admitted on or before the 7th proximo.

Grant has telegraphed McDowell: "Turn over Arkansas to the civil authorities, as soon as safe."

From South Carolina.

CHARLESTON, June 26.—Gen. Scott, the Governor elect, has issued his proclamation, convening the Legislature on the 6th of July in accordance with the provisions of the Omnibus bill, for the ratification of the fourteenth amendment.

From New Orleans.

NEW ORLEANS, June 26.—An affray occurred at Victor's restaurant, late last night, in which Mayor Frank Manney, of Nashville, was stabbed by an unknown man, who made his escape. Manney died instantly.

NEW ORLEANS, July 1.—This morning before the hour of assembling the Legislature, one section of Artillery and a squadron of Cavalry prepared for service, and occupied Lafayette Square. Two companies 1st Infantry commanded by Captain Viele occupied the side walks fronting Mechanics institute.

Fifteen Democratic Senators took the Constitutional oath.

From Florida.

TALLEHASSEE, July 1.—Gov. Reed received the surrender of the government of the State to-day, from Gov. Walker, in compliance with an order from Gen. Meade, according to General Orders No. 92, from Atlanta, dated yesterday.

As no appointments have been made for State and county officers the old ones will hold over till the appointment by Gov. Reed and confirmation by the Legislature which meets on the 7th.

From Richmond.

RICHMOND, June 27.—The Tobacco Manufactures here have sent a Committee to Washington, to urge a reduction of the tax.

Recent heavy losses in the mails distributed at Culpepper C. H., have led to the arrest of George W. Cooke, the Deputy Postmaster there, to-day. He confesses the crime.

From New York.

NEW YORK, June 27.—Seventy-five thousand dollars worth of tea have been burned at No. 255, Fulton Street.

Mississippi.

Army worms, or some other kinds of worms, are very numerous in all parts of the State. A Corinth paper says that near that place they crawled up the railroad track in such great numbers as to stop a train of cars. A planter informed us a few days ago that there was a worm much like the army worm, that was very destructive to the fodder, even eating it after it was dry.

JACKSON, June 24.—To-day at 12 o'clock, General Biddle, Commander of the Post, demanded the surrender of the Governor's office—Governor Humphreys having been removed by the District Commander.

Governor Humphreys refused to vacate.

General Biddle asked if he would have to use force in order to get possession.

Governor Humphreys replied that he would.

General Biddle then brought a guard of soldiers, and took forcible possession of the office.

Governor Humphreys has fitted up another-room and claims to be Governor of Mississippi.

The election commenced on Monday for the ratification of the proposed Constitution.

JACKSON, June 25.—The election in Mississippi so far as heard from gives the Democrats 8,000 majority.

Returns come in slowly.

The Democrats are sanguine of success, while the Radicals claim that base frauds have been prepetrated. A full report cannot be obtained for several days.

Kentucky.

BOWLING GREEN, Ky., June 17.—The assassination of Major Lawrence, at Russelville, yesterday, was the result of a deliberate determination on the part of the rebels to kill or drive out every Union man in their midst. He had been repeatedly threatened by the Ku Klux Klan. A week ago he received notice that he was to be killed in less than ten days. He paid no attention to the warning, and as he was going out of town yesterday afternoon to serve a summons, the assassin stole upon him and literally butchered him in broad day light. Captain McClery of the army who went down to investigate the case, pronounced it a cool, premeditated murder. Union citizens are arming, and the greatest excitement prevails. A detachment of the 2d Regulars reached there last night.

GEN. GRANT'S FAMILY.—In the very best of the short biographies of Grant printed since his nomination for President (that of Gen. James G. Wilson) we find the following:

"As whatever appertains to the illustrious soldier is of universal interest, we must pause for moment, and devote a paragraph to his family. His eldest son, Frederick, a youth of eighteen, is now a cadet at West Point, where Admiral Farragut's son is also being educated, and is the bold little fellow who accompanied his father throughout the Vicksburg campaign. Another son, some fifteen years of age, is named Ulysses, and his only daughter, called Nellie, is a sunny dispositioned and merry young lady, whom everybody loves; while the youngest son, known as Jessee, and we presume named after his worthy grandfather, is a bright lad, who sometimes appears dressed in Highland costume, the garb of his Gaelic ancestors. The family therefore consists of the General and Mrs. Grant, three sons, and their only daughter, Miss Nellie.

Votes of the State.

In the course of the debate in the Senate a few days since, on the question of including Alabama in the admission bill, Mr. Trumbull made the following statement of the votes of the Southern States:

In North Carolina there were registered 179,652 votes, half of which is 89,826. There were cast for the Constitution 92,500 votes, being 2,674 more than a majority of the registered vote. There were 71,820 votes cast against the Constitution.

In South Carolina there were registered 127,432 votes, half of which is 63,716. There were cast for the Constitution 70,758 being 7,042 more than majority of the registered vote.

In Georgia there were registered 191,501 votes, half of which is 95,750. There were cast for the Constitution 89,007, showing less than a majority of the registered vote by 6,743 votes.

In Albama the vote cast for the Constitution was less by 13,099, than a majority of the registered vote.

In Louisiana there were registered 129,654 votes, half of which is 64,827,—There were cast for the Constitution 66 152, being 1,325 more than a majority.

In Florida there were registered 28,003 votes, half of which is 13,001. There were cast for the Constitution 14,511, being 510 more than a majority.—*Standard.*

Rejoice O ye people, for fat times are in store for you. From all quarters and from every section of your broad land come the welcome tiding that the crops for this eventful year, 1868, will be full and flowing. The wheat crop of the South generally is fine; in the North, although somewhat injured by late frosts, it is good; corn, tobacco, oats, rye, barley, fruit, sugar, and indeed everything composing the great crop of the United States is promising more than it has for many years. In this immediate section finer prospects were never seen. The wheat crop is a very fine one; the corn looks fairly black; cotton is growing splendidly the freedman and the white men are working bravely, and if no disaster befalls the country within the next sixty days, the year of jubilee will have come indeed.

There is some apprehension of the cotton worm. Some say he is upon us, but we can't believe it, for it is too early in the season; and if so, we can't believe he will do much harm; and indeed we now see, in the parishes where he is said to have first made his appearance this Spring that that busy little insect, the ant is after him with a sharp stick, and he is disappearing faster than they appeared.—God bless the ant! Crowd him my little fellow and let us not have a lame spoke or cog in the wheel of fortune this year.

We believe the evil days are numbered that the people, black and white, have come to their sober senses, and are now so aligning themselves with right, truth, justice, economy and industry, that the "well done" of an approving Providence is being heard all over the land, presaging peace, prosperity and happiness to all parts of our long-broken, distracted and unhappy land.

An out and-out good crop this year, confidence in the Republic restored and then the great nation will again move onward in her grand march,—*Homer* [*La*] *Iliad.*

TWELVE HUNDRED Southern white men were made citizens by act of Congress All the Democrats in the House, except one, voted against removing the political disabilities of these twelve hundred. We have been told so often by the Democrats that this is a white man's Government, that we suppose, not unnaturally, they would joyfully vote to make it so; but they seem to prefer what they call negro rule. The fact is, we suppose, that they would disfranchise everybody but the Democrats; for we notice that whenever they can get a negro to vote the Democratic ticket they have nothing to say against black votes.—*N. Y. Post.*

Reconstruction Progressing.

The bill introduced in the Senate yesterday by Mr. Pomeroy, of Kensas, to provide for a continuous line of railway from Washington City to Mobile, is an important measure, and a wise and logical sequence to the recent action of Congress for the readmission of the Southern States. It looks to the establishment of a great central, and continuous rail line of postal and military communication from the capital of the nation, via Richmond, through the healthful and beautiful Piedmont ranges of Virginia the Carolinas and Georgia, to the great Gulf cities and the Southwest.

This opportune movement not only illustrates and popularizes reconstruction in the districts affected by it, but is in striking harmony with the progressive and practical policy of the Republican party in its movements to re-establish the political security of the South, and to renovate her dormant energies, now cured of the terrible paralysis of slavery. The project of the bill was unanimously commended to Congress by the recent loyal Convention of the state of Georgia, and has been submitted to the consideration of Major General Meade, commanding the 3d Military District of the South, and of Major General Schofield, while commanding the 1st District, from both of whom, we understand, it received the most emphatic endorsal and commendation as a great and valuable national interest and entitled to the most favorable consideration of congress, General Schofield regarding the line thus proposed to be prefected as second only to the Pacific in a national and military point of view.

The details of the measure we do not stop at present to consider, nor is it material. Let the means be adjusted to the great end. The idea is the suggestion and policy of parctical statesmanship, and is worthy of the bold representative of Western enterprise, where so much has been done to illustrate the value and necessity to the nation of these great arteries of communication between the capital and the remote sections of the Union. *Washington Chroicle.*

☞ Schuyler Colfax is the first printer who has ever been nominated for either of the first offices in the gift of the people of the United States. A number of the printers of Chicago, appreciating this first recognition of their craft by a national political convention, have organized a Colfax club, to co-operate with the other organizations in favor of the election of Grant and Colfax. It is proposed to form similar clubs among the printers throughout the country, and the idea is an excellent one. Mr. Colfax was an honor to the art of printing, an honor afterwards to the editorial profession, and an honor to the people whom he so faithfully serv in Congress. He will be equally an honor to the country as its Vice President.

Appalling Accident---A Young Lady Literally Torn to Pieces.

The Rochester *Democrat* of the 12th ult., has the following:

"One of the most dreadful accidents which we have been called upon to record for sometime, occurred in this city last evening. The circumstances of this exceedingly painful affair are these:

"Two young ladies named Hiebert, yesterday morning went riding to the bay, accompanied by two young gentleman, each couple having a horse and buggy.—In the evening they returned to the city, and drove up to Wilder street, where the young gentlemen got out of the carriages and went into a drug store to see friends of the party, leaving the ladies in charge of the horses. A gentleman friend came along about the time, and in a playful manner stepped into one of the buggies and drove off. The other young lady, who was alone, undertook to follow them, and just as she was driving toward Brown street crossing of the New York Central Railroad, the New York Express train, which leaves this city at half past nine, was going West, and the horses becoming frightened and unmanageably while on the crossing, the engine struck the buggy breaking it to atoms, mangling the form of its human occupant, and crumbling most every bone in the body of the animal.

"The sight as related by a few persons who witnessed the accident, was most appalling. Along the track for twenty-five yards or more lay the remains. The corpse of the young lady, with her garments torn to shreds, most every bone broken, and her body cut to pieces, was thrown on one side of the track. The horse lay at some distance beyond, with his legs cut off, and dead. The buggy, or rather its wreck, was in another place.

"Persons gathered around and conveyed the mangled remains of the girl to her parents home in Francis street, not ten rods from where she lost her life. Her name is Sophia Hiebert, and she and her sister lived with her step father, whose name is Le Bur.

"The deceased is twenty-five years of age. It is said that this same girl narrowly escaped being killed at the North street crossing yesterday."

A little boy returning from school in great anger was asked by his mother the cause of his ill humor, when he declared he would not go to school another day. He had acquired all the education he wanted for life, and was determined to shake off the restraint of his superiors, and "drive his own cart."

"But, my child," said the mother, with a heavy sigh, "you surely have not studied arithmetic enough for business purposes, and—"

"Lord, mother, I know all about it, I have ciphered through addition, partition, division, subtraction, distraction, abomination, justification, hallucination, damnation, amputation, creation and adoption, and what more must I learn?"

The so-called Democracy are divided, demoralized, denationalized and are dying off with the dry rot.

GENERAL NEWS. ITEMS.

True happiness, if understood,
Consists alone in doing good.

KNOWLEDGE without justice ought to be called cunning rather than wisdom.

THE truest mark of being born without envy.

WAY TO HEAVEN.—A man may go to heaven without health, without riches, without honor, without learning, but he can never get there without Christ.

A CAVERN or grotto, said to rival the Mammoth Cave in Kentucky, has been discovered about twenty miles north of Ottawa, Canada.

The Secretary of the Michigan Republican State Central Committee reports thirty three Grant and Colfax clubs already formed in that State, whose officers have reported to him.

A FARMER in Iowa was troubled by a lawless cow stealing hay from his stack. He sprinkled the hay with Cayenne pepper. The cow came, took a snuff, left at the top of her speed, and forgot to come again.

A lot of fine, bright, yellow tobacco, raised by Mr. William Parris, of Montgomery county, was sold in Lynchburg, on Friday, at the very high figure of $220 per hundred.

A female child was born in Lincoln county, Tennessee, the other day, having four distinct and well-developed legs and feet. At last account it was alive and well.

Until Ulysses S. Grant took command of our armies rebellion was confident of success. Until Ulysses S. Grant took command of the Republican party the Democratic party was equally confident of success. And as he finished the first, so will he finish the second.

The Schenectady *Union* says:—"Democracy offers its kingdom for a horse.—It remains to be seen whether they can ride Chase. Chase wants the kingdom as much as Democracy wants the horse.—They may make a trade."

The Richmond *Examiner* says "the present agitation is an irrepressible conflict, which will never end until either justice is done or the heavens fall." Consequently it is trying to convince the heavens that they ought to fall.

ACCIDENT.—Mr. John L. Legwin, a young man employed in the *Journal* office had the misfortune to shoot himself through the right hand while examining a loaded pistol late yesterday afternoon.—The ball passed through the fleshy part of the hand between the thumb and forefinger, breaking no bones, but causing a painful wound.—*Wil. Journal.*

ANOTHER FIRE.—Our town was the scene of another conflagration on last night. About 2 o'clock this morning the barn on the premises of Mrs. Murphy, in the Eastern ward of the town, now occupied by J. M. McCorkle, Esq., was discovered to be on fire and was speedily consumed. Some $10 worth of property only was destroyed with the building.—*Old North State*, June 26.

The Democrats vote against the bill for the removal of disabilities. They are opposed to relieving the Republicans of the South from the bans that they caused to be placed upon them. Remember it, Republicans. But neither the President nor Democrats can prevent Republicans and loyal men from obtaining relief.—*Pioneer.*

☞ Ask your Democratic neighbor, reader what his principles are, and he will reply: "I don't know yet; wait until after the New York Convention sits, and then perhaps I shall have some."

CAROLINA FARMER.—This is the title of a new Farmer's papaer, which the enterprising proprietor of the Wilmington *Star* proposes to publish in that city. Such publications, adapted to the promotion of agriculture, and domestic economy in general, are productive of good and should be encouraged. The fate of such publications, heretofore, in this State, should admonish our contemporary of the importance of a sure foundation in its establishment. The interests of the State are chiefly agricultural, and will become more so in our present condition.—our recuperation depending almost wholy on the cultivation of the soil. We sincerely wish him success in his enterprise. Mr. Bernard will issue the *Farmer* as soon as a sufficient number of subscribers are obtained. It will be a monthly of 32 pages, at $2 per annum, in advance. —*Raleigh Sentinel.*

DIED HARD.—Rufus Ludwick a white man, was hung at Salisbury on Friday last, for murdering his wife. The *North State* gives the following account of his attempt to escape from the gallows:

"At length it became necessary for the Sheriff to perform the sad duty of completing the execution of the sentence of the law, and he intimated to the culprit that the time had come. At this notification he made an effort to jump from the platform and escape. This was prevented by the Sheriff's officers who surouned him, but he had to be hanged by main force. It required some half dozen persons to hold him while he was pinioned and the rope adjusted about his neck. Then he refused to stand up, and he was in a half lying and half sitting posture when the fatal drop fell and launched his soul into eternity."

A SWEET REFLECTION.—The velvet moss will grow upon the sterile rock; the mistletoe flourish on the withered branch; the ivy cling to the mouldering ruin; the pine and cedar remain fresh and fadeless amidst the mutations of the dying year; and, Heaven be praised! something green, somthing beautiful to see, and grateful, to the soul, will, in the coldest and darkest hour of fate, still twine its tendrils around the crumbling alters and broken arches of the desolate temples of the human heart.—*Hugo.*

A WARNING FROM CALIFORNIA.—According to the San Francisco *Belletin* the State of California is full of starving clerks and thriving laborers. Every steamer "brings young fellows from New York, Boston, Philadelphia and Baltimore, and even from London, Glasgow, France and Germny, looking for situations." The condition of these young men is thus described.

"Some have even been foolish enough to throw up berths at home, thinking that because California is a prosperous county clerks must be in demand. When they get here they walk the streets, bore their acquaintances, prey upon their friends, and are snubbed by strangers who are weary of answering the common interrogatory, 'Do you want a clerk in this establishment?'"

Men with trades, on the contrary, are said to be generally prosperous; and it has been proved that five years of steady manual labor in California, at the present rates of Wages, will give a man a good house and a good farm.

THE HUSBAND.—Ladies sometimes do not value their husbands as they ought.—They not unfrequently learn the value of a good husband for the first time by the loss of him. Yet the husband is the very roof-tree of the house—the corner stone of the edifice—the key-stone of the arch, called home. He is the bread-winner of the family—its defence and its glory—the begining and ending of the golden chain of life which surrounds it—its consoler, its law-giver, and its king. And yet we see how frail is that life on which so much depends. How frail is the life of husband and the father! When he is taken away, who shall fill his place? When he's sick, what gloomy cloud hover over the house? When he is dead! What darkness, weeping, agony! Then poverty, like the murderous assassin, breaks in at the window—starvation like famishing wolf howls at the door. Widowhood is too often an associate of sackcolth and ashes. Orphanhood too often mean: desolation and woe.

TALMUDIC PROVERBS.—Even when the gates of prayer are shut in heaven, those of tears are open.

When the righteous dies, it is the earth that loses. The lost jewel will always be a jewel, but the one who lost it—well may he weep.

The reward of good words is like dates; sweet and ripening late.

To slander is to murder.

Thy friend has a friend, and thy friend's friend has a friend—be discreet.

The camel wanted to have horns, and they took away his ears.

Descend a step in choosing a wife, and mount a step in choosing a friend.

If there is anything bad about you, say it yourself.

One eats: another says grace.

He who is ashamed will not easily commit sin. There is a great difference between him who is ashamed before his own self, and him who is only ashamed before others. It is a good sign in a man to be capable of being ashamed.—*Quarterly Review.*

FEMALE BEAUTY.—The female faces, according to the best authorities, should be very seldom washed, if beauty of complexion is desired. When water is applied to any part of the body, it should never be very cold for purposes of human adornment. The best of all artificial applications to the complexion is a little starch, or rice powder, or a weak solution of cologne. All extremes of temperature must be avoided, and especially the exposure of the face to the hot sun or a blazing fire. Finally, whatever is favorable to composure of mind and health of body is especially advantageous to the wholesomeness of the skin, and consequently to its fineness or texture and beauty of color.—*Harper's Bazaar.*

THE PRINTER'S COMMANDMENTS.—Thou (especially the ladies) shalt love the printer, for he loveth you much.

Thou shalt subscribe for his paper, for he seeketh much to obtain the news, of which you remain ignorant.

If a business man, thou shalt advertise, that thy profits may enable thee not only to pay for thy paper, but "put money in thy purse."

Thou shalt not visit him regardless of his office rules—in deranging the paper.

Thou shalt not trouble anything that would give him trouble—that he may not hold thee guilty.

Thou shalt not read the manuscript in the hands of the compositor—for he will not hold thee blameless.

Thou shalt not read the news before it is printed, for he will give to thee in due time.

Thou shalt ask him few questions of the affairs of the office.

Thou shalt not at any time send abusive and threatening letters to the editor, nor cowhide him more than five times a year.

ORIGIN OF FOOLSCAP.—Every school boy knows what foolscap paper is, but we doubt whether one in a hundred, that daily use it, can tell why it was so called.

When Oliver Cromwell became Protector, after the execution of Charles I., he caused the stamp of the cap of libery to be placed upon the paper used by the government. Soon after the restoration of Charles II., having occasion to use some paper for dispatches, some of this government paper was brought to him. On looking at it and discovering this stamp, he enquired the meaning of it, and on being told, he said, "Take it away; I'll have nothing to do with a fool's cap."

Thus originated the term Foolscap, which has since been applied to a size of writing paper usually about sixteen by thirteen inches.

The New York *Sun* says that the nomination of Chase has become a necessity to the Democracy, as the boy digging for the woodchuck remarked, "Yes, sir-ee! I must have him! We're out of meat."

DON'T TAKE LOCUSTS IN YOUR HANDS.—On last Wednesday Miss Elizabeth Gainbler, residing near Temple station, on the Eastern Pennsylvania Railroad, Berks county Pa., caught a locusts—the first she had ever seen—and was exhibiting it to her mother, when it stung her on the hand. The sting caused her much pain, and its poisonous effects ran through her whole system, from the effects of which she died on Saturday evening.

COMMERCIAL.

Rutherfordton Markets,

CORRECTED WEEKLY BY

J. A. MILLER & CO.,

DEALERS IN

Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware, &c.,

BACON	16@25
BEEF, nett	6@8
BUTTER	15@20
BEESWAX	25
CANDLES, adamantine	33@40
CASTINGS	6@8
COFFEE	30@33
CORN	100
COTTON	15@18
" CLOTH	16⅔@25
" YARN	250
EGGS	10
FLOUR, per sack	$6@$8
FODDER, per cwt	80@100
FEATHERS	30@40
FLAX CLOTH	25@40
HIDES, dry	15@16⅔
IRON	6@8
JANES, wool	40@75
LARD	18@20
MEAL per bu	100
NAILS	10
PEAS	100
POTATOES, Irish	50
" sweet, none in market,	
RAGS	3@3½
RICE	16⅔@20
ROCK ISLAND CASIMERE	75@175
ROPE	25
SALT per sack $5.00 per lb	3
SUGAR	16⅔@25
SP'TS TURPENTINE, per gal	2 00
TALLOW	16⅔
TEA, per lb	$2 00@$2 50

CHARLOTTE MARKETS,

BACON—country, hog round	17@17½
" —Baltimore sides	18½@20
BUTTER	25@30
CORN	$128@$1.30
COTTON	28@28½
CHICKENS	25@30
EGGS	15
FLOUR	$5,25@$5,75
LARD	20@22½
MOLASSES	75@$1.00
OATS	65@70
PEAS	$1,25@$1.20
SALT, per sack	$2,50@$2,60
TOBACCO, per lb	50@$1,25

Corn Whiskey and Apple Brandy, by the barrel, $2.35 to $2,50 per gallon.

Charlotte Money Market.

Gold	138
Silver	133
Old Coupons	50
Old Sixes	57
Bank of North Carolina	56
Bank of Cape Fear	28½
Bank of Charlotte	30
Bank of Lexington	15
Bank of Graham, new	24
Bank of Roxborough	61
Bank of Wadesborough	24
Bank of Thomasville	00
Bank of Wilmington	26
Bank of Commerce	16
Bank of Washington	3
Bank of Fayetteville	11
Bank of Clarendon	3
Bank of Yanceyville	3
Miners' and Planters' Bank	40
Farmers' Bank of N. C., Greensboro'	25
Commercial Bank, Wilmington	25
Merchants' Bank Newbern	60
Greensboro' Mutual	6
New York Exchange	¼

Number of Pounds to a Bushel.

Of Wheat	60	Pounds
Of Shelled Corn	56	do
Of Corn on the Cob	70	do
Of Rye	56	do
Of Oats	36	do
Of Barley	40	do
Of Potatoes	60	do
Of Bran	20	do
Of Clover Seed	60	do
Of Timothy Seed	45	do
Of Flax Seed	45	do
Of Hemp Seed	44	do
Of Buckwheat	52	do
Of Blue Grass	54	do
Of Castor Bean	46	do
Of Dried Peaches	33	do
Of Dried Apples	24	do
Of Onions	57	do
Of Salt	50	do

THE CAROLINA FARMER.

Believing that the interests of the farmers and planters of this section demanded the publication of a periodical to be devoted to the advancement of agriculture in the two Carolinas, we have determined to establish such a periodical under the title of *The Carolina Farmer*, and will issue the first number as soon as sufficient number of subscribers are obtained to pay a reasonable share of the expense of publication.

The *Farmer* will be issued monthly at $2.00 per annum, in advance; will contain not less than thirty-two large double-column pages of reading matter, bound, in handsome covers and in typographical execution will not be surpassed by any agricultural monthly in the country.

Being determined to do whatever energy will accomplish in making the *Farmer* worthy the support of the intelligent planters and farmers of North Carolina; and desiring to introduce it into every county in those States we wish to employ active agents at every post-office, to whom the most liberal inducements will be offered.

Our exchanges in the two Carolinas will confer a favor, which we will be glad to reciprocate, by giving this announcement a few insertions in their advertising columns, with such editorial comment as they think the probable value of such a periodical as we propose publishin may justify.

Address all communications to Wm. H. Bernard, Wilmington, N. C.

WESTERN STAR LODGE

A. F. M. No. 91.

MEETS regularly on the Monday evening before each full moon, and Tuesday evening of Court weeks, and on the festival of St. John the Baptist, and St. John the Evangelist.

J. L. RUCKER, W. M.

J. B. CARPENTER, *Secretary.*

NOTICE:

ALL PERSONS indebted to the late firm of J. V. WILKERSON & CO., are hereby notified that unless they call and settle their accounts within ten days that the accounts will be placed in the hand of an Officer for collection.

J. V. WILKERSON.

jy. 7–2t. 21

RUTHERFORDTON.

F. D. WOOD,

Silversmith and Jeweller,

Silversmith and Jeweller,

Silversmith and Jeweller,

Bechtler's Old Stand,

Rutherfordton, N. C.

IS PREPARED TO DO ANY KIND OF work in his line on the shortest notice. Repairing Watches, Clocks, &c.

☞ Terms—*strictly cash.*

je 2–tf. 18

DR. B. H. PADGETT,

RESIDENT DENTIST,

RUTHERFORDTON, N. C

CONTINUES THE PRACTICE OF HIS Profession in all its branches, and upon the latest improved plans.

TERMS, *strictly cash.*

je 2–tf. 18

R. M. ROBINSON,

FASHIONABLE

TAILOR.

(*EAVES' BUILDING—UP STAIRS.*)

RESPECTFULLY announces to his friends and the public generally that he has returned to Rutherfordton, and is prepared to carry on the

Tailoring Business

in all its various branches, in the neatest and most

FASHIONABLE

style.

Thankful for past favors he would ask for a continuance of the same

TERMS—Cash or Country Produce.

NEW GOODS!!

NEW GOODS.

JAS. A. MILLER & CO.,

BEG leave to say to their friends and the public generally that they have just received

From Baltimore,

a large and varied stock of

DRY GOODS,

such as Mens' wear, Ladies' Dress Goods, &c. &c.

BOOTS and SHOES,

HATS and CAPS

HARDWARE, GROCERIES,

CONFECTIONERIES, and in fact everything usually found in a

RETAIL STORE.

Give us a call and we will be pleased to show you our GOODS and tell you our prices which we are confident will give satisfaction.

ALL KINDS OF COUNTRY PRODUCE taken in exchange for Goods.

je 2.–tf. 18

Town Ordinances.

1. Be it ordained by the Commissioners of Rutherfordton, and it is hereby ordained by the authority of the same, That a tax be, and the same is hereby laid of 15 cents on each One Hundred Dollars worth of real taxable property within the limits of said Town, for the year 1868, according to the assessment of 1868.
2. Be it further ordained That all persons liable to pay tax within the corporation be required to deliver to the Town Mayor on or before the 15th day of May, 1868, a list of all real taxable property for which they may be liable.—Any person failing to render such list shall be liable to a double tax, and the Mayor is hereby authorized to enforce this ordinance strictly according to Law.
3. Be it further ordained, That all the male citizens within the incorporate limits of said Town, liable by law to work on public roads, be and they are hereby required to work on the public streets and roads in the corporate limits of said Town six days in the year or forfeit to the Mayor fifty cents for each day they fail. Provided, That in the discretion of the Mayor such service may be rendered by substitute.
4. Be it further ordained, That the Mayor shall have power to divide the hands liable to work the streets and roads into companies, and order them to work on the streets or roads at any time or place he may deem necessary.—Provided, That he cannot require them to work more than six days in the year.
5. Be it further ordained, That any person who shall ride or hitch any horse, or other animal, on the side walks of the streets of the Town shall forfeit and pay a fine of One Dollar for the first and Two Dollars for each additional offence, to be collected and expended as other taxes for improvement of the Town.
6. Be it further ordained, That a tax of Twenty-Five Dollars be and is hereby levied on all retailers of Spirituous Liquors in quantities less than five gallons, Provided the sale of liquors by regular Physicians, strictly for medicinal purposes, shall be excepted from the operation of this ordinance.
7. Be it further ordained, That a tax of Five Dollars be laid upon all itenerant persons not residents of said county, who shall offer for sale any Goods, Wares or Merchandise within the limits of said Town.
8. Be it further ordained, That a tax of Ten Dollars be imposed for the exhibition of Equestrian and Menagerie performances, and a tax of Five Dollars is imposed upon all Shows generally known as Side-Shows, Slight-of-Hand, Magic Lanterns, or other exhibitions for pay, for each day or night shown or exhibited within the corporation.
9. Be it further ordained, That a fine of One Dollar be and is hereby imposed on all persons who shall discharge fire arms of any kind within the incorporation, except that portion of said incorporation lying east of the branch, east of said Town.

J. M. JUSTICE, *T. M.*

J. B. CARPENTER, *Clerk.*

Saddles.

A LOT OF NICE SADDLES for sale by J. A. MILLER & CO.

je 15,–tf 20

RUTHERFORDTON.

The Star

JOB OFFICE.

WE would respectfully announce to the public that we have one of the most COMPLETE JOB OFFICES in Western North Carolina and can execute with

Neatness and Dispatch,

and at prices to suit the times, any kind of a JOB from the largest

POSTER

to the smallest size

BUSINESS CARD,

We have just ordered from Baltimore a lot of

FINE PAPER

for BLANKS &c., and a lot of

CARDS

for business men.

Merchants and others needing anything of the kind should give us a call as we are sure that with our Office of over

FIFTY VARIETIES

OF

PLAIN & FANCY

TYPE

we can suit their varied tastes.

BLANKS! BLANKS!

We shall keep on hand or will print to order any and every kind of

LEGAL BLANKS,

and shall be pleased to receive orders from the adjoining Counties for any Blanks needed.

J. B. CARPENTER & CO.

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RUTHERFORDTON, N. C.

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Now is the time to SUBSCRIBE!!

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Agents for the AMERICAN WATCH CO., and first class SWISS and ENGLISH WATCHES. Diamonds bought and sold. Silver Ware in great variety. Plated ware of our own manufacture, Fine Jewelry of every description. Articles sent to all parts of the country free of expense.

The Best Silver Watch in the Country for $30.

SILVER AMERICAN WATCHES, $40, $45, $50, $60, $85.

LADIES' GOLD SWISS WATCHES, $55, $70, $90, $100, $140.

GENTS' GOLD WATCHES, $85 to $200.

2s-1y. [A.A.A.] 21

DR. J. W. HARRIS,

WILL GIVE PROMPT ATTENTION to all Professional calls, and hopes to merit a continuance of his long established practice.

☞ Has constantly on hand a fine supply of PURE DRUGS at his office in Rutherfordton.

je 2.–tf. 18

Flour! Flour!!

2000 LBS of FINE FLOUR, as cheap as can be bought elsewhere, for sale by J. A. MILLER & CO.

je 9–tf. 19

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FOR

CHURCHES, SCHOOLS, FARMS, PLANTATIONS, FACTORIES, ETC.

AT PRICES WITHIN THE REACH OF ALL.

SAMUEL S. DAVIS.

SUCCESSOR TO DAVIS & TOULMIN,

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AMALGAM BELLS.

The best and cheapest ever manufactured, costing only 20 cents per lb., warranted. Their use throughout the United States, Canadas, Mexico, South America, &c., for the past thirteen years has proved them to combine the valuable qualities of TONE and DURABILITY, experience has shown they are not affected by cold or hot climates. Old Bell Metal taken in exchange or bought for cash.

Send for Descriptive Circular to the manufacturers,

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The following are among the many testimonials received:

BELTON, Bell Co., Texas, Dec. 10, 1867

Messrs. Davis & Toulmin: Gentlemen—The splendid Amalgam Bell we purchased of you last Spring is in use every day. The "Bolton Academy" Bell weighs 400 pounds, and has been heard four miles. It gives general satisfaction.

Yours truly,
MILLER & CHAMBERLAIN.

BUENA VISTA, S. C., March 14, 1867.

Messrs. Davis & Toulmin; Dear Sirs—The "Amalgam Bell" bought of your Firm has been in use over three months, and we are greatly pleased with it.

Yours respectfully,
LESTER & BROTHERS.

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HANDWRITING OF GOD.

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It is the best subscription book before the Christian world. Good Agents take from fifteen to twenty-five names a day. The people are eager for the book.

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The following are some of the latest issues:

Champagne Charlie, Song and Galop, each, 30c.
Day by Day, Song, William R. Demster, 40c.
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INSTRUMENTAL.

Murmurs Eoliens, Willie Pape, 80c
Lightning Polka, A. H. Pease, 50c

Also New Songs, Waltzes, Polkas, &c., from the new comic opera, "La Belle Helene."

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AT TWILIGHT.

We sit by the window, my baby and I,
In the fading sunset light,
Watching the darkness crept over the sky,
Out of the Eastern night;
We see the stars come trembling out
In the track of the fallen sun,
And we feel the quiet, within and without,
That comes when the day is done.

What have we been doingall day, a'l day,
Since the rosy mornings smiled?
Playing at work and working at play—
God help us, mother and child;
But much I fear those little hands
Have put me to shame to-day—
For God, who earnest, understands
Truly our work and play.

I think of kindness left undone,
That might have brighted the day—
Of duties dreamed of, but never begun.
Scattered along my way;
You lie with peace in your violet eyes—
You have not earned regret—
For the sorrowful years that make us wise
Have not come to my baby yet.

And still, as I sit in this twilight hour,
At the close of a weary day,
Even sorrow and sin do not quite have power,
To keep a blessing away—
A blessing that falls like the dew from Heaven
On the parched and thirsty ground;
And in loving much, because much forgiven,
My deeper peace is found.

Your life, my baby, is just begun,
And mine is growing old;
But we're children both in the eyes of One
Whose years are all untold;
He holds us both in his loving hand,
He pardones all our sin,
And, by-and-by, to the same sweet land,
He will gently let us in.

THE OLD FOLK.

Ah I don't be sorrowful, darling,
And don't be sorrowful pray—
Taking the year together, my dear,
There isn't more night than day.

'Tis rainy weather, my darling,
Time's waves, they heavily run;
But taking the year together, my dear,
There isn't more cloud than sun.

We are old folks, now, my darling,
Our heads are growing gray;
But taking the year all round, my dear,
You will always find a May.

We have had our May, my darling,
And our roses long ago;
And the time of year is coming
For the silent night of snow.

And God is God, my darling,
Of night as well as day;
And we feel and know that we can go.
Wherever he leads the way.

God of the night, my darling,
Of the night of death so grim;
The gate that leads out of life, good wife,
Is the gate that leads to him.

CLIPPINGS.

☞ Mormon missionaries are at work in Georgia.

☞ Discretion in speech is more than cloquence.

☞ A couple of balloons collided in mid-air ove: Paris.

☞ A parrot died recently in England at the age of seventy-five.

☞ Hoe, the press man, had an income last year of more than $100,000.

☞ What is the largest room in the world? The room for improvement.

☞ Says Goethe: "Of all thieves, fools are the worst, for they rob you of time and temper.

Mean People.—The man who kicks people when they are down, and the subscriber who refuses to pay for his newspaper.

An Irishman remarked of a lady who had been very kind to him, "Be dad, she's a perfect gintleman."

The New York Tribune groups statistics in this disagreeable way:—"Over 4000 lawyers and a murder a day in this city.

There is a boy named Foster, in Trowbridge Michigan, but nineteen years old, who is seven feet and three inches high.

Mosquitoes drive bears in Florida. They drove one right into the city of Tallahassee the other day. That animal could not have been a mosquito "bar.'

A young lady in Richmond, having in a fit of industry applied herself to mantua-making, affixed over the window of her lodging, a painted bord, which, by a trifling orthographical error, was inscribed thus: "Jane Smith, Man Tormentor."

Vake, lady vake! The moon is high, twinklin' stars are beamin,' while now and then across the sky, a metor is streamin'!—Vake Sally, vake, and look on me---avake Squire Nabbin's Daughter! If I'll have you and you'll have me---by gosh! who trew that vater?

"The sound of your hammer," says Franklin, "at five in the morning or at night heard by a creditor, makes him easy six months longer; but if he sees you at a billiard table, or hears your voice in a tavern when you should be at work, he will send for his money the next day."

A gentleman, passing a country church while under repair, observed to one of the workmen that he thought it would be an expensive job. "In my opinion we shall accomplish what our reverend divine has endervored to do for the last thirty years, in vain." "What is that?" inquired the genleman. "Bring the parish to repentrnce!"

A New Hampshire farmer, who had an invariably good-natured wife, longed to hear her scold, for a change, and was advised that a load of crochety fire-wood would make her very desirably cross. She tried it When the pile was gone, he asked if he should get such another supply. "Oh, yes," said she, "for that crooked wood you brought before does lie around the pot so nicely."

☞ A few years since, at the celebration of our national anniversary, a poor pedlar who was present, being called upon for a toast, offered the following: "Here is health to poverty---it sticks to a man when all his friends forsake him."

An Ex-Governor of Ohio.—noted as an advocate of total abstinence, once had his sympathies aroused by an unfortunate who had buried three wives. "The Lord has indeed deeply afflicted you," said the Governor. The mourner, sobbing, replied; "Y-yes, he has," and pausing a moment and wiping his nose, continued, "but I don't think the Lord got much ahead of me, for as fast as he took one, I took another.'

Interesting Relics.---In an oak stump, not far from Richmond, Ky., a black ebony casket, badly decayed, was recently found, which had been, evidently, deposited there by Daniel Boon himself. In the box were twenty three English coins of the denomination of half crowns, a plain, round silver medal, marked "D. B.," and eight gold Spanish doubloons, of the date of 1779. There were several articles of cutlery, among them a silver-handled Spanish stiletto with "Boone" carved on it in awkward characters, and a cup and saucer, made of delf, beautifully figured. A curiously wrought wooden spoon was sadly eaten by worms. There were several gun-flints and some small parcels, the contents of which had entirely decayed.

If I had to be a bird I would't be a lark; they have to rise so early, and go to bed at dark. I woulden't be an eagle, the king of birds (so-called); I wouldn't be his majesty, for fear I might be bald. I wouldn't be a sparrow---it wouldn't be much fun to have the noble sportsman come round with dog and gun. Nor yet would I be a chicken, 'cos when the mortal coil was shuffled off, my quiet life might finish in a broil. But if I had to be a bird I'd be one that was "fly"--I'd be a gay canary, and I will tell you why: because you're treated handsome; and if you only sings, gets cuttlefish and chickweed, and lots of bully things; and to some charming creature you can breathe your love in song, and warble out your roundelays right to her sweet and strong; she'll call you all the prettiest names---you'll live in her boudoir! Now, if you had to be a bird, ain't this worth living for?

Josh Billingsisms.

It strains a man's philosophee the wust kind tew laff when he gits beat.

Awl ov us komplain ov the shortness ov life, yet we awl waste more time than we uze.

Don't mistake arrogance or wisdom; menny people hev thought tha wuz wize when tha wuz onla windy.

The principal difference between a luxry and a necessary is the price.

Whenever the soul is in grief, it is taking root, and whenever it is in smiles, it is taking wing.

"Give the devil his due," but be careful there ain't much due him.

After a man has rode fast onst he never wants to go slow again.

Evra sorrow has its twin joy; the fun ov scratching almost pays for the itch.

It won't do to stir up a man when he is thinking, enny more than it will a pan ov milk when the kream is rising.

It is easy to raise the devil, but he's a hard crop to reap.

We ar told that a contented man iz happy, and we might be told at the same time that a mudturtle could fly if he had wings.

Wife Shooting.

An Irishman in Savannah, named Pat Higgins, who did not live happily with his wife, recently attempted to kill her and afterwards to commit suicide. The accouut of the shooting as given by the woman, according to the Savanah *Herald*, is intensely national and somewhat ludicrous. She said; "I was fixing up my room when he came up stairs and laid on the couch. Everything passed very pleasantly between us, when suddenly he said 'Kity. I mean to kill you." I said "Pat, you don't mean that; when he replied. "Yes, I do, I mean to kill you" I said "kill away." With that he fired and hit me in the back. I turned to him and said, "You don't mean to kill me." He replied that he did, and fired again, hitting me in the left side, and I fell, saying, "Oh, Pat, don't kill me till I see my children." "You shall not live to see your children nor the priest either," said he, and fired two shots hitting me in the arms. As he was about firing the fifth time I caught hold of him and begged for mercy, and he didn't fire. He said he intended to kill Mary too, (her daughter.)

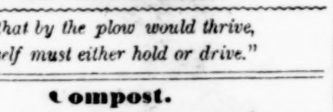
Murder in Wisconsin.

A Herd of Cows Lead to the Discoverg of the Grave of a Murdered Woman.

We learn from Mr. Sweet, editor of the Calumet county *Reflector*, that there is considerable excitement in the town of Brothertown, in that country, over a murder that was committed last Wednesday. The victim was Mrs. Henry Bullman a half-breed Inddian, but whose husbad is a white man. It seems that Mrs. Bullman, had been at work for some time at one of her neighbors, and last Wednesday left the house at which she was employed, for home. On Thursday, a man went out into the woods to look for some cattle and found them huddled together bellowing and pawing, as if some strange thing had taken place. On repairing to the spot he found a mound of loose leaves, which looked as though they had been recently piled up, and on removing a portion of them, he came to some fresh earth. He did not push his investigation further, but returned home and gethered a party of his neighbors, and again repaired to the spot.—The party then proceeded to remove the earth, and were horrified at finding the body of Mrs. Bullman buried beneath it. From the appearance of things it would seem that her body was thrown into a pit, and that her loose clothing, such as her shaker, shawl, ect., were gathered up and thrown in on top of her, the whole being covered, as stated above. The husband of the woman was last seen passing the road, as if in great haste, last Thursday morning, since which time he has not been seen. This circumstance has had the effect to fasten strong suspicion upon him, as being the perpetrator of his horible murder.—*Commonwealth*

The way to fame is like the way to Heaven—through much tribulation.

AGRICULTURAL.



"He that by the plow would thrive,
Himself must either hold or drive."

Compost.

"A majority of farmers do not attach importance enough to the subject of saving and making manure and compost. To them manure and labor are what capital and credit are to the merchant. They think they can not afford to pay five and six dollars per cord for manure, and it does seem a high price; but one thing they can do, they can take better care of what they have, and prevent the waste of what is the most valuable part. Many hog pens are built on sloping ground, the manure sinking away to some drain and is lost. Now with proper care the manure of every hog raised and fattened is worth twenty dollars to put in corn hills. It is better not to let hogs wallow in the manure, as most of farmers do, with the view that the hogs will work fine the coarse trash generally thrown into the pen. Make a tight board floor to the pen to prevent the leakage of the urine and manure, then throw in the absorbents, such as weeds, straw, shavings, sawdust, leaves, dirt, briers, and in fact almost fine hickory brush, clean the sty out once a week, and throw he manure into a square pile, exposed to all rain that falls, and in a dry time keep the manure moist by the addition of water, or cover with damp earth to prevent the 'blue blazes.' By this arrangement, with ten hogs and plenty of material, a farmer will make near two hundred dollars' worth of manure ready for the land in good condition, and have better hogs than if he allowed them to wallow at pleasure in the mass

Raising Buckwheat.—This crop is regarded by many as a profitable one on land designed for winter wheat, in a two fold way—as a fertilizer in retaining moisture in attracting and conveying to the soil the monurial agencies floating in the atmosphere, and, at the same time, furnishing, as a result. a welcom portion of bread material for family consumption without petriment to the crop of winter wheat which is to succeed—Instead of letting the ground rest, as it is termed, in a fallowed state, it is made to furnish an extra crop counted as so much clear gain. It would be absurd to assume that a crop of anything, drawing nourishment from the soil, does not weaken, at all, its productive force, unless it can be shown that with the draft made there is coupled a compensating power which serves to balance the account. This restoring force is ascribed to buckwheat by many who have grown the article and watched the effect on the subsequent crop. On a certain occasion a field of ten acres—an old pasture—was summer-fallowed quite early. It was a heavy clay soil, and after it had been turned over a couple of weeks, two acres of it were sown to buckwheat. It was well harrowed, in the direction of the fur rows, and a very tolerable seed bed secured. The result was a good yield of buckwheat while that of the winter variety, which followed, was one-quarter better on the buckwheat ground than that on the portion which was allowed to rest and recuperate in fallow. The stolen crop seemed to give a liveliness and elasticity to the soil of the section used, which the fallow rest failed to impart to the remainder—*Rural New Yorker*.

Setting Out the Rasberry.—Rasberry canes can be set out at any time. They should be planted three feet apart in the row and the rows three feet and a half apart. Cut down the cane to within six inches of the ground, and set firmly in the ground.—We prefer a rather moist spot for them, and if in the shade a portion of the day, so much the better. They can be planted under fruit trees where scarcely anything else will grow, and the berry will be larger and finer.—They like a cool moist soil, kept by liberal mulching with leaves, light manure, or any trash, and if a foot in depth it is an advantage, Not a day should be lost in pruning the old beds, and don't be afraid you will lessen the crop by liberal cutting.

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1868.

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